

The T U R F, and  
*Reading Made Easy.*

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To which are added,

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II. PHARLHA NHE KILTHER BAWN.

III. North Country Beauty.



MONAGHAN: Printed in the Year 1788.

## PEARLHA NHE KILTSEE BAWNE,

ONE morning as I roved down by a shady grove,  
 Where birds did sing harmonious,  
 Within their downy throats they warbled pretty notes,  
 In concert they sung melodious;  
 Encompassed by a shade I saw a comely maid,  
 Whose charms did soon trepan me,  
 In cruel Cupid's chwin, all for that blooming dame,  
 Called Pearlha nhe kiltsee bawne.

Ah could I but indite as well as I can write,  
 In praise of that lovely creature,  
 I wou'd employ my quill with all my art and skill,  
 Extolling each beauteous feature;  
 The charmer whom I prize for beauty outvies,  
 Fair Helen or chaste Diana,  
 Search the nation round. none equal can be found,  
 To Pearlha nhe kiltsee bawne.

In aspect she's divine, her eyes transparent shine,  
 Her cheeks with the roses vieing,  
 Her skin I might compare with fragrant lillies fair,  
 Or snow on a mountain lying;  
 She is affable and sweet, engaging and discreet,  
 And mild as the fair Susana,  
 Had I the Afric store I'd barter it and more,  
 For Pearlha nhe kiltsee bawne.

No patches, paint, nor airs does my darling wear,  
 To spoil her resplendant charms,  
 Her homely array she dresses each day,  
 In beauty my thoughts alarm;  
 Her bright celestial face, is filled with modest grace,  
 Her lips as sweet as manna,  
 Sure nature ne'er framed a form so serene,  
 As Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

This lovely charming maid, who has me betrayed,  
 It's for her I grieve and anguish  
 There's none but she alone can ease my moan,  
 Or heal my sad pain and anguish;  
 I'm burning in love's flame, while I complain,  
 And moan unknown to any,  
 In doleful despair for that seraphic fair,  
 Called Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

But to my grief I find, my charmer is inclined,  
 To one in a higher station,  
 And to augment my pain she treats me with disdain,  
 Which causes my sad vexation;  
 Great is my misery, since she has slighted me,  
 My sorrows I'm sure are many,  
 Tho' she has cruel proved, I cannot help but love,  
 Sweet Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

### The North Country Beauty.

**Y**OU inspired Muses of sense and knowledge,  
 To me your mighty aid impart,



To praise a Maiden who has inflav'd me,  
 And stole away my tender heart;  
 Her majestic carriage is so enticing,  
 Surpasses Hellen that Grecian queen,  
 Or the bright Awrelia in all her splendor,  
 Could never equal this comely Dame.

Her transparant eyes like Orient pearl  
 Doth cast a sweet and Heavenly light,  
 Her slender waist 'ris framed compleatly,  
 And her skin is like the lilly white,  
 This earthly globe cannot afford,  
 A maiden of more excellency;  
 She is all surrounded with modest graces,  
 Adorned with sweet clemency.

The gayest flowers that springs by nature,  
 The evening damps will kill their pride,  
 Their beauty is gone until next morning,  
 That Phæbus beams do them revive;  
 But every day more fresh and gay,  
 Blooms this charming spotless maid,  
 No evening damps nor winter frost,  
 Will ever make her beauty fade.

It's in the morning when my love rises,  
 And walks along the dewey plain,  
 The birds in chorus with notes melodious,  
 In praise of her they all combine;

She is the fairest of human nature,  
 For when arrayed in all her pride,  
 She dims the sight of that planet Phæbus,  
 And his pale face with shame he hides.

Was my small pen of the Indian Jasper,  
 And tempered with the pure Leedian Steel,  
 And I to have learned to praise my darling,  
 What great pleasure would this yield;  
 In the sweetest lays I would sound her praise,  
 My pen I'm sure would never fail,  
 But as I am confused I must be excused,  
 Till more education I do gain.

You mighty powers view my low station,  
 My sad condition now bewail,  
 And lend this maid to my arms,  
 To ease me of my grief and pain,  
 Like a wandering Jew I'll range this nation,  
 Like some wild Satyr I will rove.  
 If I nannot gain this lovely Damsel,  
 Who has my heart ensnared with love.

You pretty lark that sings aloft,  
 Fly to the window of my dear.  
 And let her know my sad condition,  
 That I languish under here;  
 At your return let me not mourn,  
 Some happy tidings to me tell,  
 For no purling stream can cool the flame,  
 That in my bosom now does dwell.

Come cruel death and quickly ease me,

Of the pains which I endure,  
 And pierce yon dart to my heart,  
 That my sorrows may be no more;  
 Since this lovely creature will shew no favour,  
 To her poor and wounded swain,  
 My endless sorrows are approaching,  
 Come quickly death and ease my pain.

When I am laid in my cool grave,  
 And to hungry worms become a pray,  
 It's then her heart may relent with pity,  
 But all her kindness will be too late;  
 So yield some favour my dearest creature,  
 While I am breathing some comfort shew,  
 For none alive but you can ease me,  
 Of the pains I undergo.



*The TURF,*  
*And Reading-made-easy.*

**Y**OU lads of the nation of high and low station,  
 Attend to my humourous ditty,  
 Believe me 'tis new, and is certainly true,  
 Perhaps you may say it is pretty;  
 It happen'd in spring when the small birds did sing,  
 And fields were enambled with daisies,  
 I met with my jewel a going to School,  
 With her Turf and her Reading made easy.



I row'd up and down, thro' both country and town,  
 And was by my trade a poor-scholar,  
 My earning I beg'd and likewise my bread,  
 My cloaths were not worth half a dollar;  
 As I carelessly straid I did meet this fair maid,  
 With a smile and a low courtsey said she,  
 I'll give you my blessing and teach me a lesson,  
 Then open'd her Reading made easy."

I soon did comply, I could not deny,  
 We sat where the primrose were springing,  
 Beneath a green tree where none could us see,  
 While sweetly the birds they were singing;  
 I shew'd her a colume she thought 'twas a volume,  
 While soft killing transports did seize me,  
 I kiss'd her she smild, then I said my dear child,  
 Pray shut up your Reading made easy.

To my bosom I press'd her, and gently carress'd her,  
 Her soft tender bosom was heaving,  
 Se cry'd oh? forbear, lest my gown you will tear,  
 My mammy at me will be raving;  
 My daddy will beat, granry ill treat me,  
 And every one will tease me,  
 And say that at School I have play'd the fool,  
 With my Turf, and my Reading made easy.

I said dearest jewel. the can't be so cruel,  
 For surely they'l wrong my sweet creature,  
 And to end all strife I will make you my wife,  
 So gently extend every feature;  
 What we did then you may guess every one,  
 While she cried my dear sir you did please me,

One lesson from you, now I'm sure is worth two,  
I loul'd learn from Reading made easy.

Eight months being gone I return'd again,  
My charmer was heavily swelled,  
She led such a life with their clamour and strife,  
She could not forbear but to tell it;  
When she seen me coming, straight in she went runing  
Crying here is the lad that can please me,  
For this is the man that exceeds every one,  
That e'er taught a Reading made easy.

Her father agreed wee'd be marry'd with speed,  
And full Sixty pounds then he gave me,  
With a hundred more, at his death saying therefore,  
Saying of my own child don't berave me;  
Now we live in content to industry I'm bent,  
With a well-furnish'd shop that doth please me,  
They all bless the day, that I came in' her way,  
With her Turf and her Reading made easy.

F I N I S.

